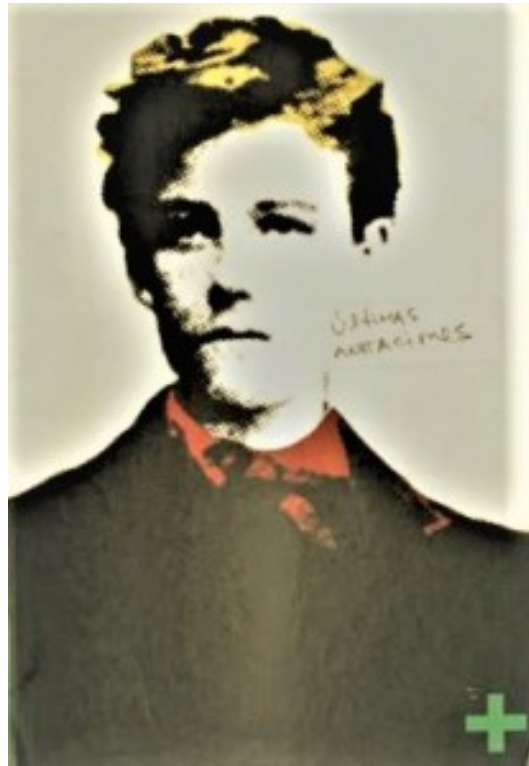


# FINAL ENTRIES (fragments)



**LORENZO GARCÍA VEGA**

**Translated by Alejandro de Acosta**

These fragments from Lorenzo García Vega's *Últimas anotaciones* were featured in the blog of Ediciones Rialta:

<https://rialta.org/ultimas-anotaciones/>

Which I was led to by the great blog :

inCUBAdora

I translated them in late September of 2021 in Gainesville, Florida.

On this day, for an instant, the cough took on an unexpected quality. Scary.

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Those proverbs suggested by the whinnying of horses. Those are the interesting ones. More interesting than historians.

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Or a cough resembling a spiral. You had to see it, not just hear it.

A white powder, a light bulb with black dots, as if rusted. Outside, now and then, you could hear some sounds. I was pretty alone, but since you didn't know, you didn't feel alone. Remembering? No, you can't remember what that was anymore, white powder on a bulb that, of course, was in my childhood.

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It would be nice if our old age expressed itself in commonplaces—from the theater of the absurd.

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A train approaches at full speed, carrying an army. But at that moment, as he looked into the distance, what he saw was his dead mother. How long, he asked himself, will human beings keep having visions?

How does it work? Can the elderly reach maturity, or do the elderly just get older?

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A dream in which the shadow of another life appears, it can keep us company without us entirely knowing it. What is this?

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He was so ashamed to hear someone speak of a sigh that he even left, on the table, the glass of wine he was drinking.

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“Now this is getting good,” he said, for the first and last time: misunderstood.

It doesn't wake him up, the sound made by the rain as it hits a board. Given what the hypochondriac is dreaming about, you could pop his heart with a pin.

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“Ceilings fall in and anything is a ceiling from time time.” Juan Carlos Flores

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Copy the dreams into a little notebook. As time passes those dreams will become dried leaves. Then they can be put in a little box.

“A few years ago Larry Clark, director of the wonderful *Kids*, told me something I’ve never forgotten, that he never allowed himself to laugh at anyone. I don’t know what beauty is; I know what respect is,” said the filmmaker Bruce Weber. And I don’t know why, but what that filmmaker said left a big impression. It left a big impression, though I’ve never kept it in mind.

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Anything new to say about death?

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One of Juan Emar's characters flaunts "the dumb receptivity of his artistic sensibility." What is that? I'm not sure if I understand what I think I do, but I think I can glimpse a path across that dumb receptivity.

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Dirty rags, incredible rags. The worst ass rags. So many of those rags, stored in trunks no one can find! You don't touch that. You never touch that. So many stories made into filler from the first moment in which they tried to become visible!

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Under the lid of a boiling pot there's the sound of a very old rain.



Manufacturing poems? No. Improvising with prose, yes. Piglia says that prose improvisation is what Néstor Sánchez went for. I repeat: I don't like being a manufacturer of poems. But I have to brood over this.

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My incapacity is real. So much so, that I can't even express it.

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The mail I pick up every day. Sometimes I shake a letter, to get off the ant that's on top.

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When a pair of scissors cuts a nail clipper, you get a short kite paper short circuit (at least this is what one said in a nicer time).

Maybe cut out what's already forgotten. Cut it out, to make paper dolls.

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I don't know if now, at this stage of his old age, what the old man is searching for—but (it's incredible!)—it's that being somewhere else, what Rimbaud said.

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Do you have to start to be empty for real? Do you have to learn to be empty? I mean, at my age, can I play different music?

You have to grasp your own ghost. This year, 2011, the year I've spent in Boston Hospital, is when I've felt the demand to find my own ghost.

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I dress up as a tree. The tree would be dead. I've got my eyes quite open.

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What evades. But—can the elderly truly rely on experience? Experience—what's that?

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Around the corner, the simulation of a deserted street. What looks like blue are some black lines. Two wires, two bulbs to cross the night—which resembles a simulation. You could try for joy—but it would be a dark joy.

I'm smoking myself, just barely with the sketch of a line. It's Saturday noon. No book at my side.

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Remembering a childhood moment as if I had been in a pool. Pianola music? Thousands of years have gone by, and somehow, I think I can recall what pianola music was like.

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Who would I have become, if I could have rested on a lilac colored biscuit?

A woman in her fifties in a position that works as a metaphor of the lack of hope in a noontime moment (what would help would be distilling a dog's bark). Something (blue) resembling Matisse in the woman's face.

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A shark in the water. On the shore in front, four yellow houses: identical. Homes for schizos.

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Nothing: something dry, but that could go on.  
(I say so, and I get myself.)

I also have a *Ministory* Project where you can find this: a big white bedsheet that has an all white ghost in it. On the sheet there would be a square root. (This would be part of a rhizome where there's a feeling nearly lost—though not entirely lost—coming from my childhood.)

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The cat that climbs on an electric chair. It happens in the blue pavilion. To get on Facebook.

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A hell that could be, to the degree that you hear the sound of a motor, from afar. The iron door of a jail cell, closing.

I think that Toto is the name of the place where they make toilets. But I'm not sure.

**[ mufa :: poema]**

**translation series 003**